

The Crittenden Press.

VOL. 28.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 8, 1906.

NUMBER 24.

BECKHAM AND HAGER LOOK LIKE WINNERS

MAY TAKE OFFICIAL COUNT IN SENATOR'S RACE.

Hendrick Wins his Race for Attorney-General and Winfrey Wins for State School Superintendent.

PARIS FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 7th.
7:20 p. m. PRESS, Marion:
Beckham's majority will exceed 5,000; Hager's 30,000.
MOTT AYERS.

The returns from the democratic primary held in the state Tuesday are not yet complete enough to give the majorities in the different races but the reports are sufficient to show that the following are the nominees: U. S. Senator—J. C. W. Beckham. Very small majority and complete returns may change result. Governor—S. W. Hager. Attorney General—John K. Hendrick.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—M. O. Winfrey. Commissioner of Agriculture—J. C. Newman.

Lieutenant-Governor—South Trimble.

Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.

Auditor—Henry M. Bosworth.

State Treasurer—Ruby Laffoon.

Clerk of Court of Appeals—John B. Chenaunt.

The last five named had no opponents.

In Crittenden county the election passed off quietly. Beckham and Hager carried both this county and Livingston. A tabulated report of the vote is given elsewhere.

Incomplete returns from the State of New York, where there was a warm fight, indicate that Hughes, republican, has defeated Hearst, democrat, for governor, by a very small majority.

Vanhoosier—Woods

Miss Naomi Vanhoosier and Mr. L. Woods, of the Shady Grove section, were married Saturday evening by Judge Blackburn at the court house in the presence of a large crowd. The bride is the daughter of R. W. Vanhoosier, one of the representative citizens of that section of the county. The groom is well known and promising young man and well liked by all who know him.

Last Warning.

To the taxpayers who have not yet paid their taxes take notice that on the 15th day of November (the present month) warrants will be issued for all unpaid tax in compliance with the law in such cases, made and provided and at the cost of said delinquent. J. F. FLANARY, S. C. C.

Go to Indian Territory.

F. W. Moore, of Repton; Cal Towery, Jas. McConnell, Hodge McConnell, Joe Brown, John McConnell and Henry Towery of Shady Grove, and Mrs. Virgie Roberts, of Blackford, all left Monday night for Poteau, Indian Territory, where they will invest in lands and town lots.

Well Known Here.

William C. Ellis, the Paducah capitalist, who has been in Riverside hospital for several days ill of pneumonia, is improving rapidly and has been removed to the home of his

daughter, Mrs. William Hughes, 1627 Jegerson street.—News-Democrat.

Public Sale.

I will on Saturday, 17th day of November at the residence of J. W. Cook, deceased, offer for sale to the best bidder the following property: 1 horse, 3 tons of hay, 1 lot of corn, 1 binder, 1 wheat drill and farming tools of all kinds. All sums over \$5.00 on credit of 12 months. Under that amount cash in hand.

J. F. Cook, Adm'r.

FREDONIA AND KELSEY.

Lost, strayed or stolen, one white female bird dog. Has dark brown ears and brown over right eye, about two years old. I will pay \$5.00 for her return to me at Kelsey, Ky.

HERBERT BUTLER.

Miss Leafa Wilborn and Mrs. Cavender, of Marion, were guests of Mrs. John Ray Sunday.

S. H. Cassidy, of Dycusburg, was here several days last week.

Prof. E. A. Fox gave a stereopticon lecture at the C. P. church Saturday night on the land of Palestine.

Rev. Miller was in Paducah several days last week.

J. M. McChesney and wife, of Marion, were guests of W. E. Cox and family last week.

Dr. Moore and wife, of Crider, attended church here Sunday.

Will S. Rice and wife have returned from Europe and gone to housekeeping in their elegant country home, "The Gables," near town. Ellis Easley, of St. Louis, was visiting his parents here last week.

Flour only 50 cents per sack.

BENNETT & SON.

Sam McElroy and wife spent Sunday with Wm. Martin and family, of Livingston county.

Tom Ordway is having a dwelling house built. Frank Ackridge, of Marion, is doing the work.

Rev. M. E. Miller is assisting Rev. Lurie in a meeting at Caldwell Springs.

Rice Bros. & Dollar are buying a big lot of tobacco.

We have just received a big bill of shoes from the Brown Shoe Co. We can please you in price and goods.

BENNETT & SON.

Miss Katie Yates entertained a few friends Friday night in honor of Miss Maude Watkins, of Mayfield, who was her guest last week.

Kentucky's Next Governor.



S. W. HAGER.

CONGRESSIONAL RACE

In Crittenden County Nov. 6, 1906

Precincts	James	Smith
Marion, No. 1.	58	11
" " 2.	48	8
" " 3.	74	18
" " 4.	40	6
" " 5.	56	13
Frances	47	25
Dycusburg	54	29
Union	46	20
Sheridan	38	25
Tolu	47	21
Fords Ferry	41	24
Bells Mines	31	10
Rose Bud	69	7
Piney	37	5
Shady Grove	71	8
Total	757	230
James majority	527	

The Marion Home Telephone Company should be appreciated by the people who were anxious to get the election returns. On Tuesday night they gave free service from all parts of the State and the returns announced from a window of their office on Carlisle street.

CHAPEL HILL.

Meeting closed at Chapel Hill last Sunday morning with good success; 15 conversions and 8 additions to the church. Our meeting was one of the best we ever had at this place, the best of order, and everything went off exceedingly well—no disturbances of any kind. Bro. Price, of Marion, was with us part of the time.

Jasper Walker and family of near Tolu, is visiting Mrs. J. C. Long of this place.

Tobacco all about sold in Chapel Hill at good prices. Some of the boys are feeling very good over their sales.

H. S. Hill went to Hopkinsville last Tuesday.

A good many of our people are done cribbing corn and some are saying their corn did not turn out like they expected.

Will Adams informs us that they are going to remodel their old Home

Place by building a two story addition to it, thereby making a great improvement.

A small acreage of wheat was sown in this precinct.

Mrs. J. C. Long had a singing at her home last Sunday night. There was a good many of the young people present and all enjoyed themselves.

No hunting on my place.

W. H. Bigham.

Dick Cruce is bailing a fine lot of hay on his place near Crayneville.

I suppose George Tabor has sold his tobacco; does any one know that it is so.

The people in Chapel Hill are not looking for any tobacco buyers.

CALL TO ORGANIZE A NEW COMMERCIAL CLUB

Meet me Friday night, Nov. 9th, in the Court House—all business men, property owners and good citizens of Marion.

Marion has missed a good thing! Come and let us organize our late Commercial Club. Everyone who has the good of Marion, at heart, is urged to come.

The fire annihilated the old club. It probably would have gone down on account of many mistakes if there had been no fire.

Let us profit by these mistakes.

I repeat: "MARION HAS MISSED A GOOD THING!"

The offer came by and through the efforts of the old club.

Do you want anything for Marion?

Do you want more people?

Do you want your property increased in value?

Would you turn your hand over to get a good manufacturing enterprise for Marion and thereby help everybody in Marion and Crittenden county?

If you would, come and let us reason together.

MARION HAS MISSED A GOOD THING! Suppose we don't miss the next.

Yours truly,

T. H. COCHRAN,

President late Com. Club.

WANTED—100 boys, wages \$1.00, \$1.10 and \$1.20 per day. A good chance to learn a trade. Address Evansville Glass Co., Evansville, Ind.

R. N. GRADY DIES AT HOME IN WESTON

PROMINENT CITIZEN SUCCUMBS TO TUBERCULOSIS.

Was Sixty-Two Years of Age and the Father of Eighteen Children, Twelve Now Living.

REMAINS INTERRED MONDAY

Robert Nutter Grady, a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Weston, died Saturday night at seven o'clock after a long illness of Tuberculosis. He had been a stuper for several days and the death was not unexpected. His son, Charles E. Grady, of Bloomington, Ill., was called home last week by telegram, also his daughters, Mrs. V. Cain and Mrs. J. D. Crider, of Charleston, Mo.

Mr. Grady was born in Fayette county, Ky., August 19, 1845. He was there in his 62d year. He was married Feb. 22, 1866 to Miss Margaret Eberle and the union was blessed with sixteen children, ten of whom are living. Two of his sons were drowned a few years ago while bathing in the Ohio river near his home.

His second marriage was to Miss Alice Price, of Providence, and to this union two children were born, both of whom are living. His wife and twelve children, therefore survive him.

Mr. Grady was converted in August 1871 and joined Green's chapel church and has lived a consistent member for thirty-five years. The interment took place there Monday at 11 o'clock Rev. W. T. Oakley officiating.

Mr. Gillum Wigginton, of Kelsey, and Miss Susie Moneymaker, of this vicinity, were united in marriage Sunday at Kelsey by Rev. Miller. Miss Moneymaker is the daughter of John Moneymaker who has been for many years a citizen of this community and there are many people here who wish them great happiness.

Vote in Democratic Primary, Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1906.

PRECINCTS	Senat	Gov't	Att'y Gen	Sup't	Com Ar	Rep'tive
Marion, No. 1	22	30	11	18	43	1
" " 2	21	23	14	21	32	0
" " 3	14	30	25	14	49	3
" " 4	14	10	14	10	27	2
" " 5	20	22	20	20	44	4
Frances	6	46	40	10	40	5
Dycusburg	75	36	31	26	43	5
Union	8	35	13	2	36	2
Sheridan	3	42	35	1	36	12
Tolu	0	45	14	4	41	1
Fords Ferry	27	14	12	31	34	8
Bells Mines	14	18	18	14	24	2
Rose Bud	16	49	44	17	25	21
Piney	8	25	26	2	21	4
Shady Grove	32	39	42	46	51	3
TOTAL	279	455	435	261	536	85
LIVINGSTON COUNTY	6	81	73	7	89	2
North Salem	4	66	65	4	79	12
South Salem	7	10	8	8	109	2
Pan Handle	13	66	47	34	71	3
North Smithland	15	52	38	27	76	3
South Smithland	8	58	44	13	41	15
Cammerland Valley	19	30	24	27	35	4
Lula	12	58	55	6	51	4
Lola	26	51	44	22	59	4
Hampson	8	77	73	2	81	3
Carrollville	7	44	44	7	39	0
Ray Springs	7	44	44	7	39	0
Birdsville	73	46	46	11	54	5
TOTAL	638	123	538	152		219

The returns in above table are complete in Crittenden county in all races but incomplete from Livingston except in the representatives race which is given complete from both counties and show a plurality for Robert Paris of 270 over W. F. Cowper, his nearest opponent.

IF YOU TOUCH your tongue to ALUM

and look in the glass—you will see the effect—You can't help puckering—it makes you pucker to think of tasting it.

By the use of so called cheap Baking Powders you take this puckering, injurious Alum right into your system—you injure digestion and ruin your stomach.

AVOID ALUM Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Royal is made from pure, refined Grape Cream of Tartar—Costs more than Alum but you have the profit of quality, the profit of good health.



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

SEVEN SPRINGS.

(Crowded out Last Week)

Sorghum making is about through in this community.

Miss Effie Butler, of Emmaus attended the protracted meeting here and visited her relatives at this place.

Mrs. Fannie Travis, of Emmaus, attended the protracted meeting here and visited her daughter, Mrs. Polle Patton, last week.

Pop guns were heard here during the meeting. Boys, this is liable to get some one in trouble.

Mrs. H. G. Howard, of Emmaus, attended church here Thursday and visited her son, Edgar Howard, of this place.

The pumpkin crop in this section is the finest for years.

John Potter has been suffering from a carbuncle on his arm for two weeks.

John Campbell, of this place, has bought Jim Glass' place near Dyeburg.

Edie Brasher, of Caldwell Springs, was visiting Burnie Patton Friday.

Eggs are a good price now—25 cents a dozen.

Miss Lizzie Kingsolving, of Emmaus, visited her friends and relatives here the past week.

Elder Griffith assisted greatly in the meeting here with his vocal music.

Protracted meeting closed at this place Thursday night. The results of the meeting were five professions of faith in Christ and four additions to the church. Rev. Kingsolving and Rev. Sumness did some excellent preaching and the christian people were seemingly greatly revived, but for some cause unknown the unconverted were unmoved. The Baptizing took place Friday by the Rev. J. C. Kingsolving.

Misses Nellie, May, and Mariam Travis, of Emmaus, attended the meeting at this place.

Little Collin Patton has been sick the past two weeks.

Several from this place are attending the meeting at Pinkneyville.

MATTOON.

(Left From Last Week.)

J. R. Summerville was in Evansville Monday and Tuesday and heard W. J. Bryan Monday night. Mrs. Summerville accompanied him.

T. J. Woody was out peddling beef Saturday as usual.

Baker school house is nearing completion and when completed will be one of the nicest if not the nicest school house in the county.

If you want bargains in shoes bought before the advance in leather call on J. R. Summerville. He carries a full and complete line of everything found in a general store and they were bought to sell, not to rot to keep.

G. D. Summerville and wife attended church at Sugar Grove Saturday and Sunday.

All the tobacco in before frost and is now cured up and ready for the tobacco buyer to come around and say, "Your tobacco is too large and yours is too small". You know they always have some fault to find so as

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. Brock, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by SARGENT & WELLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

RODNEY.

(Left From Last Week.)

H. L. Sullivant went to Marion Monday and got a load of flour.

J. W. Belt was in Marion Saturday.

Mrs. D. H. King and Mrs. R. L. Phillips went to see Aunt Nancy Hughes Tuesday evening. She is an aged lady afflicted with the dropsy.

Tom McKinley, of near Gladstone, happened to a misfortune Saturday evening while gathering corn. A limb fell on him crushing his shoulder blade.

Mrs. D. H. King and son, Ramsey, went to church at Weston Saturday.

Guthrie Travis took his choir of Bell's Mines to Weston Sunday and rendered some sweet music.

A Lucky Postmistress

is Mrs. Alexander, of Cary Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Woods & Orme Drugists. Price 25c.

Underground Waters of Western Kentucky.

A valuable and interesting discussion of the underground water resources of Kentucky west of Tennessee river is contained in water supply and irrigation paper No. 164, just issued by the United States Geological Survey. The investigations made by the hydrographic branch of the geological survey show that in western Kentucky the underground water resources are largely dependent on the local rainfall. The springs and shallow wells derive their supplies exclusively from the rain falling in their immediate vicinity, while the rocks from which the deep wells obtain waters are supplied by the rain that falls within the state or in the area just west of Mississippi river. In only a few cases do deep wells pierce the hard rocks that lie beneath the soft sands and clays. In water supply paper No. 164, which may be obtained on application to the director of the United States Geological Survey at Washington, D. C., are discussed the general conditions that govern the occurrence of water in wells and the relation of the geology of the region to the supply of underground water. These general discussions are followed by detailed descriptions that show the water conditions in each county, the depth at which water may be obtained and the height to which it rises without pumping.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 13—county court day.

\$100,000,000 IN 'FRISCO BUILDINGS

Many Structures Have Risen During These Past Six Months.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 7.—Almost \$100,000,000 has been expended in the construction of new buildings in the Greater San Francisco since the day, six months ago, the city was laid in ruins. And in place of the structures that were destroyed others are rising of stone and steel and concrete. Never in any city has there been the amount of building carried on that there has here in the past week. One thousand and more men were put to work simply to clear the streets, and many thousands are toiling on the new buildings.

Julius Caesar

was a man of nerve—but sickness left its mark and he became aged before his time. Sickness is often caused by a torpid liver. Her blue will regulate your liver and give you health. Mrs. Carrie Austin, Holton, Kansas, writes: "I consider Herbine the best medicine I ever heard of. I am never without it." Sold by Woods & Orme.

Repton Meeting.

A ten day's meeting at Repton church closed Tuesday night, Oct. 30. It was conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. B. Brooks, who did all the preaching. To say he did earnest, faithful, zealous work would be speaking truthfully. There was no manifestation of the spirit in converting power yet it may be as bread cast upon the waters, gathered together not many days hence. There was one thing certain, good seed were sown and if it fails to bring forth fruit it will be because it fell upon bad ground. On Sunday, Oct. 28th, seven were baptized in Brushy Fork creek. Notwithstanding it was a cold day a large crowd assembled to witness the scene, which was a beautiful one. The candidates bravely waded in to obey the command of the Lord, typical of a death, burial and resurrection. Four joined the church by letter that day. The last night of the meeting the pastor requested all the members to meet him at the next regular church session on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in November at 10 a. m. Brethren and sisters, make it a point to come. The Lord's business needs attention. A MEMBER.

Is The Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headach, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills, Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weakness. Unequaled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Wood & Orme Drugists. Price only 50c.

The South—The Enricher.

Many scientists are viewing with alarm the possibility of a deterioration of soil, which some claim may eventually threaten the world's food supply unless the experiments to secure nitrogen from the air should prove commercially successful and thus make possible the constant re-fertilization of the soil. Already the rich prairie states are finding commercial fertilizers a necessity and last year Ohio used 300,000 tons. The south holds a world monopoly on fertilizer making materials, such as phosphate rock, sulphur, etc. Europe draws its phosphate rock mainly from this section and Louisiana now dominates the sulphur market of Europe and America. Strong as the south is in coal and cotton and iron it is equally as strong in phosphate rock and sulphur and it cannot only enrich its own soil but supply the needs of other sections and other countries. Great is the south!—Manufacturer's Record.

A Most Worthy Article.

When an article has been on the market for years and gains friends every year, it is safe to call this medicine a worthy one. Such is Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It positively cures coughs and all pulmonary diseases. One of the best known merchants in Mobile, Ala., says: "For five years my family has not been troubled with the winter coughs we owe this to Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I know it has saved my children from many sick spells." Sold by Woods & Orme Drugists.

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

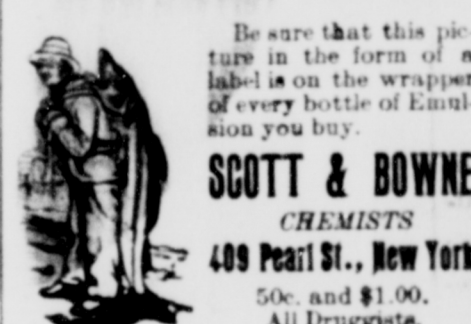
If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.



Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
409 Pearl St., New York
50c. and \$1.00.
All Drugists.

HORSE SENSE.

Make good.
Don't trust to luck.
Sit over just a little bit.
Plan your work, then work your plan.

Self-confidence is a genuine business asset.
A steady average is better than an occasional exception.

Do it now if it has to be done at all. Otherwise forget it.

Everything comes to him who lets the other fellow do the waiting.

A life is to be known by its outgo rather than by its income.

A pessimist is one who can see only the hole in the doughnut.

Here's to the prosperity of every man who puts on a little extra head of steam when necessary!

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up, labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy, labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines, labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character.—Cobden.

A Big Missouri Sweet Potato.

Anniston, Mo., R. F. D. No. 1, October 31, 1906.—Editor Press: As I noticed a piece in your valuable paper about Mr. Noah Fox's large sweet potato I thought I would send you a clipping from our town paper, the Prairie Eagle, asking you to print same in the good old Press so our dear Kentucky friends can see what can be produced down here in the southeast Missouri soil. Wishing the dear old Press all success.

Oblige,

MRS. F. M. DANIEL.

The Prairie Eagle has in its curio window the largest sweet potato ever exhibited in the county. It weighs 7 1/4 pounds and measure 20 1/2x 25 1/2 in circumference. It was sent to the office by Mrs. F. M. Daniel yesterday. It is of the Yam variety, the seed being bought from F. S. Goodin last spring. It is safe to say that it is a "whopper" and a fair sample of what can be produced by a little effort in the rich sandy loam of Mississippi county. A thousand thanks Mrs. Daniels, May all the undertakings of yourself and affable husband be as successful in the future as has been your crop of sweet potatoes in this good year 1906.



CLOTHES THAT LAST!

are the clothes to buy. Few men can afford more than two suits a year, then why not get a suit that will last. To be sure you want proper style, but see that it's built on a firm foundation of good inside, unseen parts or the style won't last long. Schwab Clothes are made to wear as well as they look. See our great values at \$15. None better in all this wide world.

M'CONNELL & STONE

"THE CASH STORE"

MARION, - - - KENTUCKY

Public Sale.

We will, at the late residence of W. H. Mayes, deceased, on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1906, offer for sale to the highest and best bidder at public outcry the following property, to-wit: Three horses, one mule, log wagon, two threshing machine separators, one lot of farming tools including plows, etc., one complete saw mill outfit including steam engine. Terms made known on date of sale.

MRS. ROSA B. MAYES,
CHAS. O. MAYES,
MRS. MINNIE A. GUESS.

Vast Water-Powers.

To its coal supply, more than twice as great as the combined coal area of Great Britain, Germany and Pennsylvania, to its vast stores of oil and natural gas as supplementary sources of power and heat and light, the South adds at least 3,000,000 available horse-power of water-power for utilization for electrical transmission, also for power, for heat and light. The development of this vast water-power potentiality will eventually employ \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 and be equal in working capacity to 6,000,000 men. It will make possible construction of thousands of miles of interurban electric roads, it will furnish cheap power and light for mines and factories, and create, as in Switzerland, the highest forms of skilled mechanical work in the mountains of the South, where climatic conditions are unsurpassed by any other section of the world. In counting up the riches of South always bear in mind its wealth of ever-running streams, where nature furnishes the power without price except for the cost of development.—Manufacturers' Record, Baltimore.

Young Man Passed out of This World.

William Herman Phillips, son of Mack Phillips, of the Tois section, died last Wednesday Oct. 24th, of consumption. He had been an invalid for a number of years, but gradually growing weaker each day. He was born Aug. 31st, 1884, and was therefore in his 23rd year. He professed religion two years ago, while in North Carolina for his health, and joined the church that fall. He was buried at Hurricane, Thursday, Rev. E. D. Boggess officiating.

J. H. ORME, President
JOHN WES LAMR, Vice-President

R. I. NUNN, Sec. Treas.
ALBERT M'CONNELL, Gen. Mgr.

Marion Milling Co.

Takes the lead when it comes to first-class Flour and dont you forget it. See!

YOU MUST TRY OUR "ELK" Best Patent "Crown" Straight Grade



WHY IMPORT OUR PRODUCT?

Where is there another mill in Western Kentucky that only makes 10 per cent. of their wheat into Patent Flour.

SIGHT US!

We cannot be downed in price or quality, and then we know how to treat you; we show our customers every courtesy.

Yours for more trade,

The Marion Milling Company.



DR. F. S. STILLWELL

Successor to R. J. Morris

DENTIST

Plate Work a Specialty

Office over Marion Bank,

MARION - - - KENTUCKY

"It Didn't Hurt a Bit"

HEARTS and MASKS

COPYRIGHT 1935 BY
BOBBY McRILL CO. BY HAROLD MACGRATH
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX ETC.

CHAPTER I.

It all depends upon the manner of your entrance to the Castle of Adventure. One does not have to scale its beetling parapets or assault its scarp and frowning bastions; neither is one obliged to force with clamor and blaring trumpets and glittering gorgets the drawbridge and portcullis. Rather the pathway lies through one of those many little doors, obscure, yet easily accessible, latchless and boltless, to which the average person gives no particular attention, and yet which invariably lead to the very heart of this Castle Delectable. The whimsical chateleine of this enchanted keep is a shy goddess. Circumspection has no part in her affairs, nor caution, nor practicality; nor does her eye linger upon the gaud and the blunder. Imagination solves the secret riddle, and wit is the guide that leads the seeker through the winding, bewildering labyrinth.

And there is something in being idle, too!

If I had not gone idly into Monsieur's cellar for dinner that night, I should have missed the most engaging adventure that ever fell to my lot. It is second nature for me to be guided by impulse rather than by reason; reason is always so square-toed and impulse is always so alluring. You will find that nearly all the great captains were and are creatures of impulse; nothing brilliant is ever achieved by calculation. All this is not to say that I am a great captain; it is offered only to inform you that I am often impulsive.

A Times, four days old; and if I hadn't fallen upon it to pass the twenty-odd minutes between my order of service and it, I shouldn't have made the acquaintance of the police in that pretty little suburb over in New Jersey; nor should I have met the enchanting Blue Domino; nor would fate have written Kismet. The chance never has any fun in this cycle, he has no surprises.

I had been away from New York for several weeks, and had returned only that afternoon. Thus, the spirit of unrest acquired by travel was still upon me. It was nearly holiday week, and those congenial friends I might have called upon, to while away the evening, were either busily occupied with shopping or were out of town; and I determined not to go to the club and be bored by some indifferent billiard player. I would dine quietly, listen to some light music, and then go to the theater. I was searching the theatrical amusements, when the society column indifferently attacked my eye. I do not know why it is, but I have a wholesome contempt for the so-called society columns of the daily newspaper in New York. Mayhap it is because I do not belong.

I read this paragraph with a shrug, and that with a smirk. I was in no manner surprised at the announcement that Miss High-Culture was going to wed the Duke of Impudence. I had always been certain this girl would do some such fool thing. That Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds was giving a farewell dinner at the Waldorf, prior to her departure to Europe, interested my curiosity not in the least degree. It would be all the same to me if she never came back. None of the wishy-washy little-tattle interested me, in fact. There was only one little six-line paragraph that really caught me. On Friday night (that is, to say, the night of my adventures in Blankshire), the Hunt Club was to give a charity masquerade dance. This grasped my adventurous spirit by the throat and refused to let go.

The atmosphere surrounding the paragraph was spirituous with enchantment. There was a genuine novelty about this dance. Two packs of playing cards had been sent out as tickets; one pack to the ladies and one to the gentlemen. Charming idea, wasn't it? These cards were to be shown at the door, together with ten dollars, but were to be retained by the recipients till two o'clock (supper time), at which moment everybody was to unmask and take his partner, who held the corresponding card, in to supper. Its newness strongly appealed to me. I found myself reading the paragraph over and over.

By Jove, what an inspiration!

I knew the Blankshire Hunt Club, with its colonial architecture, its great hall room, its quaint fireplace, its stables and sheds, and the fame of its chef. It was one of those great country clubs that keep open house the year round. It stood back from the sea about four miles and was within five miles of the village. There was a fine course inland, a cross-country going of not less than twenty miles, a shooting-box, and excellent golf links. In the winter it was cozy; in the summer it was ideal.

I was intimately acquainted with the club's M. E. H., Teddy Hamilton. We had done the Paris-Gerlin run in my racing car the summer before. If I hadn't known him so well, I might still have been in Duranceville, next door to jail, or securely inside. I had frequently dined with him at the club during the summer, and he had offered to put me up; but as I knew no one infinitely but himself, I explained the futility of such a plan. Besides, my horse wasn't a hunter; and I was riding him less and less. It is no pleas-

ure to go "parking" along the bridge-paths of Central Park. For myself, I want a hill country and something like forty miles, straight away; that's riding.

The fact that I know no one but Teddy added zest to the inspiration which had seized me. For I determined to attend that dance, happen what might. It would be vastly more entertaining than a possibly dull theatrical performance. (It was!)

I called for a messenger and dispatched him to the nearest drug store for a pack of playing cards; and while I waited for his return I casually glanced at the other diners. At my table—one of those long marble-topped affairs by the wall—there was an old man reading a paper, and the handsome girl I had set eyes upon in a month of moons. Sometimes the word handsome seems an inferior adjective. She was beautiful, and her half-hidden eyes told me that she was anywhere but at Mouquin's. What a head of hair! Fine as a spider's web, and the dazzling yellow of a wheat field in a sun shower! The irregularity of her features made them all the more interesting. I was an artist in an amateur way, and I mentally pointed in that head against a Rubens background. The return of the messenger brought me back to earth; for I confess that my imagination had already leaped far into the future, and this girl across the way was nebulously connected with it.

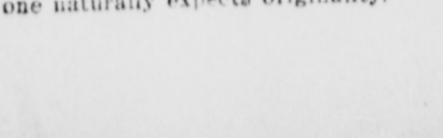
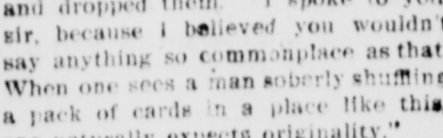
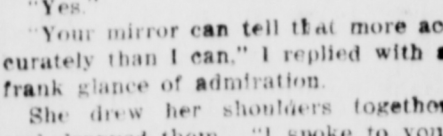
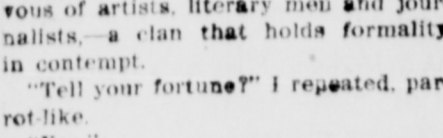
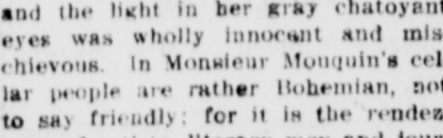
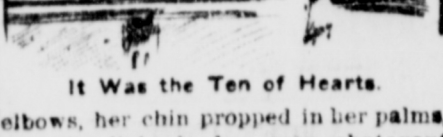
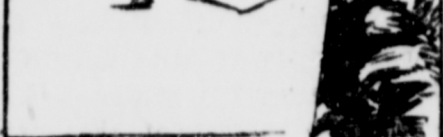
I took the pack of cards, ripped off the covering, tossed aside the joker (though, really, I ought to have retained it!) and began shuffling the shiny pasteboards. I dare say that those around me sat up and took notice. It was by no means a common sight to see a man gravely shuffling a pack of cards in a public restaurant. Nobody interfered, doubtless because nobody knew exactly what to do in the face of such an act, for which no adequate laws had been provided. A waiter stood solemnly at the end of the table, scratching his chin thoughtfully, wondering whether he should report this peculiarity of constitution and susceptibility occasioning certain peculiarities of effect from impress of extraneous influences (vide Webster), synonymous with idiocracy and known as idiosyncrasy. It was quite possible that I was the first man to establish such a precedent in Monsieur Mouquin's restaurant. Thus, I aroused only passive curiosity.

From the corner of my eye I observed the old gentleman opposite. He was peering over the top of his paper, and I could see by the glitter in his eye that he was a confirmed player of solitaire. The girl, however, still appeared to be in a dreaming state. I have no doubt every one who saw me thought that anarchy was abroad again, or that Sherlock Holmes had entered into his third incarnation.

Finally I squared the pack, took a long breath, and cut. I turned up the card. It was the ten-spot of hearts. I considered this most propitious hearts being my long suit in every thing but love—love having not yet crossed my path. I put the card in my wallet, and was about to toss the rest of the pack under the table, when a woman's voice stayed my hand.

"Don't throw them away. Tell my fortune first."

I looked up, not a little surprised. It was the beautiful young girl who had spoken. She was leaning on her



"Well, perhaps you caught me off my guard,"—humbly. "I am original. Did you ever before witness this performance in a public restaurant?"—making the cards purr.

"I can not say I have,"—amused. "Well, no more have I!"

"Why, then do you do it?"—with renewed interest.

"Shall I tell your fortune?"

"Not now. I had much rather you would tell me the meaning of this play."

I leaned toward her and whispered mysteriously: "The truth is, I belong to a secret society, and I was cutting the cards to see whether or not I should blow up the postoffice to-night or the police station. You mustn't tell anybody."

"Oh!" She started back from the table. "You do not look it," she added suddenly.

"I know it; appearances are so deceptive," said I slyly.

Then the old man laughed, and the girl laughed, and I laughed; and I wasn't quite sure that the grave waiter did not crack the ghost of a smile in relief.

"And what, may I ask, was the fatal card?" inquired the old man, folding his paper.

"The ace of spades; we always choose that gloomy card in secret societies. There is something deadly and suggestive about it," I answered morbidly.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Ah, if only you knew the terrible life we lead, we who conspire! Every day brings forth some galling disappointment. We push a king off into the dark, and another rises immediately in his place. Futility, futility everywhere! If only there were some way of dynamiting habit and custom! I am a Russian; all my family are perishing in Siberian mines,"—dismally.

"Fudge!" said the girl.

"Tommy-rot!" said the amiable old gentleman.

"Uncle, his hair is too short for an anarchist."

"And his collar too immaculate." (So the old gentleman was this charming creature's uncle!)

"We are obliged to disguise ourselves at times," I explained. "The police are always meddling. It is discouraging."

"You have some purpose, humorous or serious," said the girl shrewdly. "A man does not bring a pack of cards—"

"I didn't bring them; I sent out for them."

"—bring a pack of cards here simply to attract attention," she continued tranquilly.

"Perhaps I am a prestidigitator in a popular dime museum," I suggested, willing to help her out, "and am doing a little advertising."

"Now, that has a plausible sound," she admitted, folding her hands under her chin. "It must be an interesting life. Presto—change! and all that."

"Oh, I find it rather monotonous in the winter, but in the summer it is fine. Then I wander about the summer resorts and give exhibitions."

"You will pardon my niece," interpolated the old gentleman, coughing a bit nervously. "If she annoys you—"

"Uncle!"—reproachfully.

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed eagerly. "There is a charm in doing unconventional things; and most people do not realize it, and are stupid."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, smiling. She was evidently enjoying herself, so was I, for that matter. "Do a trick for me," she commanded presently.

I smiled weakly. I couldn't have done a trick with the cards,—not if my life had depended upon it. But I rather neatly extricated myself from the trap.

"I never do any tricks out of business hours."

"Uncle, give the gentleman ten cents; I want to see him do a sleight-of-hand trick."

Her uncle, readily entering into the spirit of the affair, dove into a pocket and produced the piece of silver. It looked as if I were caught.

"There! this may make it worth your while," the girl said, shoving the coin in my direction.

But again I managed to slide under; I was not to be caught.

"It is my regret to say,"—frowning slightly, "that regularity in my business is everything. It wants half an hour for my turn to come on. If I tried a trick out of turn, I might fizzle and lose prestige. And besides, I depend so much upon the professor and his introductory note: 'Ladies and gents, permit me to introduce the world-renowned Signor Fantoccini, whose marvelous tricks have long puzzled all the crowned heads of Europe.'"

"Fantoccini,"—musingly. "That's Italian for puppet show."

"I know it, but the dime museum visitors do not. It makes a fine impression."

She laughed and slid the dime back to her uncle.

"I'm afraid you are an impostor," she said.

"I'm afraid so, too," I confessed, laughing.

Then the comedy came to an end by the appearance of our separate orders. I threw aside the cards and proceeded to attack my dinner, for I was hungry. From time to time I caught vague fragments of conversation between the girl and her uncle.

"It's a fool idea," mumbled the old gentleman; "you will get into some trouble or other."

"That doesn't matter. It will be like a vacation,—a flash of old Rome, where I wish I were at this very moment. I am determined."

"This is what comes of reading romantic novels,"—with a kind of grumble.

"I admit there never was a particle

of romance on your side of the family," the girl retorted.

"Happily. There is peace in the house where I live."

"Do not argue with me."

"I am not arguing with you; I should be only wasting my time. I am simply warning you that you are about to commit a folly."

"I have made up my mind."

"Ah! In that case I have hopes," he returned. "When a woman makes up her mind to do one thing, she generally does another. Why can't you put aside this fool idea and go to the opera with me?"

"I have seen Carmen in Paris, Rome, London and New York," she replied.

(Evidently a traveled young person.)

"Carmen is your favorite opera, besides."

"Not to-night,"—whimsically. "Go, then; but please recollect that if anything serious comes of your folly, I did my best to prevent it. It's a scatter-brained idea, and no good will come of it, mark me."

"I can take care of myself,"—truculently.

"So I have often been forced to observe,"—dryly.

(I wondered what it was all about.)

"But, uncle dear, I am becoming so dreadfully bored!"

"That sounds final," sighed the old man, helping himself to the haricots verts. (The girl ate positively nothing.)

"But it seems odd that you can't go about your affairs after my own reasonable manner."

"I am only twenty."

The old man's shoulders rose and fell resignedly.

"No man has an answer for that."

"I promise to tell you everything that happens, by telegraph."

"That's small comfort. Imagine receiving a telegram early in the morning, when a man's brain is without invention or coherency of thought! I would that you were back home with your father. I might sleep o' nights, then."

"I have so little amusement!"

"You work three hours a day and earn more in a week than your father and I do in a month. Yours is a very unhappy lot."

"I hate the smell of paints; I hate the studio."

"And I suppose you hate your fame?" acridly.

"Bah! that is my card to a living. The people I meet bore me."

"Not satisfied with common folks, eh? Must have kings and queens to talk to?"

"I only want to live abroad, and you

and father will not let me,"—petulantly.

The music started up and I heard no more. Occasionally the girl glanced at me and smiled in a friendly fashion. She was evidently an artist's model; and when they have hair and color like this girl's, the pay is good. I found myself wondering why she was bored and why Carmen had so suddenly lost its charms.

It was seven o'clock when I pushed aside my plate and paid my check. I calculated that by hustling I could reach Blankshire either at ten or ten-thirty. That would be early enough for my needs. And now to rout out a costume. All I needed was a gray mask. I had in my apartments a Capuchin's robe and cowl. I rose, lighting a cigarette.

The girl looked up from her coffee. "Back to the dime museum?"—banteringly.

"I have a few minutes to spare," said I.

"By the way, I forgot to ask you what card you drew."

"It was the ten of hearts."

"The ten of hearts?" Her amazement was not understandable.

"Yes, the ten of hearts; Cupid and all that."

She recovered her composure quickly.

"Then you will not blow up the postoffice to-night?"

"No," I replied, "not to-night."

"You have really and truly aroused my curiosity. Tell me, what does the ten of hearts mean to you?"

I gazed thoughtfully down at her. Had I truly mystified her? There was some doubt in my mind.

"Frankly, I wish I might tell you. All I am at liberty to say is that I am about to set forth upon a desperate adventure, and I shall be very fortunate if I do not spend the night in the lock-up."

"You do not look desperate."

"Oh, I am not desperate; it is only the adventure that is desperate."

"Some princess in duress vile! Some villain to smite! Chivalry to storm!" Her smile was enchantment itself.

I hesitated a moment. "What would you say if I told you that this adventure was merely to prove to myself what a constable as the average man can be upon occasions?"

"Why go to the trouble of proving it?"—drolly.

"I am conceited enough to have some doubts as to the degree."

"Consider it positive."

I laughed. "I am in hopes that I am neither a positive ass nor a superlative one, only comparative."

"But the adventure; that is the thing that mainly interests me."

"Oh, that is a secret which I should hesitate to tell even to the Sphinx."

"I see you are determined not to illuminate the darkness,"—and she turned carelessly toward her uncle, who was serenely contemplating the glowing end of a fat perfecto.

I bowed and passed out into Sixth Avenue, rather regretting that I had not the pleasure of the charming young person's acquaintance.

The top-spot of hearts seemed to have startled her for some reason. I wondered why.

The show blew about me, whirled, and swirled, and stung. Oddly enough I recalled the paragraph relative to Mrs. Hyphen-Bonds. By this time she was being very well tossed about in mid-ocean. As the old order of yarn-spinners used to say, little did I dream what was in store for me, or the influence the magic name of Hyphen-Bonds was to have upon my destiny.

Bismillah! (Whatever that means!)

CHAPTER II.

After half an hour's wandering about I stumbled across a curio-shop, a weird, dim and dusty, musty old curio-shop, with stuffed peacocks hanging from the ceiling, and skulls and bronzes and marbles, paintings, tarnished jewelry and ancient armor, rare books of vellum, small arms, tapestry, pastimes, plaster masks, and musical instruments. I recalled to mind the shop of the dealer in antiquities in Balzac's La Peau de Chagrin, and glanced about (not without a shiver) for the fatal ass's skin. (I forgot that I was wearing it myself that night!) I was something of a collector of antiquities, of the inanimate kind, and for a time I became lost in speculation—speculation rather agreeable of its kind. I liked to conjure up in fancy the various scenes through which these curiosities had drifted in their descent to this demi-pawnshop; the brave men and beautiful women, the clangor of tocsins, the haze of battles, the glitter of ball rooms, epochs and ages. What romances lay behind yon satin slipper? What grande dame had smiled behind that ivory fan? What mea-

the old French proprietor was evidently all things from a pawnbroker to an art collector; for most of the jewelry was in excellent order and the pictures possessed value far beyond the intrinsic. He was waiting upon a customer, and the dingy light that shone down on his bald head made it look for all the world like an ill-used billiard ball. He was exhibiting revolvers.

From the shining metal of the small arms, my glance traveled to the face of the prospective buyer. It was an interesting face, clean-cut, beardless, energetic, but the mouth impressed me as being rather hard. Doubtless he felt the magnetism of my scrutiny, for he suddenly looked around. The expression on his face was not one to induce me to throw my arms around his neck and declare I should be glad to make his acquaintance. It was a scowl. He was in evening dress, and I could see that he knew very well how to wear it. All this was but momentary. He took up a revolver and balanced it on his palm.

By and by the proprietor came sliding along behind the cases, the slipshod fashion of his approach informing me that he wore slippers.

"Do you keep costumes?" I asked.

"Anything you like, sir, from a crusader to a modern gentleman,"—with grim and appropriate irony.

"What is it you are in search of—a masquerade costume?"

"Only a gray mask," I answered.

"I am to go to a masked ball to-night as a Gray Capuchin, and I want a mask that will match my robe."

"Your wants are simple."

From a shelf he brought down a box, took off the cover, and left me to make my selection. Soon I found what I desired, and laid it aside, waiting for M. Friard to return. Again I observed the other customer.

There is always a mystery to be solved and a story to be told, when a man makes the purchase of a pistol in a pawnshop. A man who buys a pistol for the sake of protection does so in the light of day, and in the proper place, a gun-shop. He does not haunt the pawnbrokers in the dusk of evening. Well, it was none of my business. Doubtless, he knew what he was doing. I caught suggestively, and Friard came slipping in my direction again.

"This is what I want. How much?" I inquired.

"Fifty cents; it has never been worn."

I drew out my wallet. I had arrived in town too late to go to the bank, and I was carrying an uncomfortably large sum in gold-bills. As I opened the wallet to extract a small bill, I saw the stranger eyeing me quietly. Well, well, the dullest being brightens at the sight of money and its representatives. I drew out a small bill and handed it to the proprietor. He took it, together with the mask, and slipped over to the cash register. The bell gave forth a muffled sound, not unlike that of a fire-bell in a snowstorm. As he was in the act of wrapping up my purchase, I observed the silent customer's approach. When he reached my

side, he stooped and picked up something from the floor. With a bow, he presented it to me.

"I saw it drop from your pocket," he said; and then when he saw what it was, his jaw fell, and he sent me a hot, penetrating glance.

"The ten of hearts!" he exclaimed in amazement.

I laughed easily.

"The ten of hearts!" he repeated. "Yes; four hearts on one side and four on the other, and two in the middle, which make ten in all,"—rallied in my tones. What the deuce was the matter with everybody to-night? "Marvelous card, isn't it?"

"Very strange!" he murmured, pulling at his lips.

"And in what way is it strange?" I asked, rather curious to learn the cause of his agitation.

"There are several reasons,"—briefly.

"Ah!"

"I have seen a man's hand planned to that card; therefore it is grown some."

"Some card sharper?"

He nodded. "Then again, I lost a

small fortune because of that card,"—diffidently.

"Poker?"

"Yes. Why will a man try to fill a royal flush? The man next to me drew the ten of hearts, the very card I needed. The sight of it always unnerves me. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, that's all right," said I, wondering how many more lies he had up his sleeve.

"And there's still another reason. I saw a man put six bullets into the two central spots, and an hour later the seventh bullet snuffed the candle of a friend of mine. I am from this west."

"I can sympathize with you," I returned. "After all that trouble, the sight of the card must have given you a shock."

Then I stowed away the fatal card and took up my bundle and change. I have in my own time tried to fill royal flushes, and the disappointment still lingers with a bitter taste.

"The element of chance is the most fascinating thing there is," the stranger from the west volunteered.

"So it is," I recalled, suddenly recalling that I was soon to put my trust in the hands of that very fickle goddess.

He nodded and returned to his revolvers, while I went out of the shop, hailed a cab, and drove up town to my apartments in Riverside. It was eight o'clock by my watch. I leaned back against the cushions, ruminating. There seemed to be something going on that night; the ten of hearts was acquiring a mystifying, not to say sinister aspect. First it had been the girl in Mouquin's, and now this stranger in the curio-shop. I was confident that the latter had lied in regard to his explanations. The card had startled him, but his reasons were altogether of transparent thinness. A man never likes to confess that he is unlucky at cards; there is a certain pride in lying about the enormous stakes you have won and the wonderful draws you have made. I frowned. It was not possible for me to figure out what his interest in the card was. If he was a westerner, his buying a pistol in a pawnshop was at once disrobed of its mystery; but the inconsistent elegance of his evening clothes doubled my suspicions. Bah! What was the use of troubling myself with this stranger's affairs? He would never cross my path again.

In reasonable time the cab drew up in front of my apartments. I dressed, donned my Capuchin's robe and took a look at myself in the pier glass. Then I unwrapped the package and put on the mask. The whole made a capital outfit and I was vastly pleased with myself. This was going to be such an adventure as one reads about in the ancient numbers of Blackwood's! I slipped the robe and mask into my suitcase and lighted my pipe. During great moments like this, a man gathers courage and confidence from a pipeful of tobacco. I dropped into a comfortable Morris, touched the gas logs, and fell into a pleasant dream. It was not necessary for me to start for the Twenty-third street ferry till nine; so I had something like three-quarters of an hour to idle away.

What beautiful hair that girl had! It was like sunshine, the silk of corn, the yield of the harvest. And the marvelous abundance of it! It was true that she was an artist's model; it was equally true that she had committed a mild indiscretion in addressing me as she had; but, for all I could see, she was a girl of delicate breeding, doubtless one of the many whose family fortunes, or misfortunes, forced them to earn a living. And it is no disgrace these days

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The Crittenden Press

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THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1906

Crayneville Meeting.

The Annual Protracted meeting at Crayneville closed Saturday having been in progess nine days and nights. Rev. W. T. Oakley our pastor conducted it, and the result was certainly great.

Never was more interest displayed in a meeting, every one seemed anxious to point sinners to Christ. There were twenty-five converted and thirteen additions to the church.

The house was filled at every service and there was certainly good order.

Although we had a good meeting we are praying that the next one may be better. One who attended.

Should Meet Hearty Reception.

Kilroy & Britton's new play in which they will be seen at the Marion opera house Friday, November 16, styled "An Aristocratic Tramp" is from the pen of Lem Barker, author of "For Home and Honor," "A Quaker Wedding," "The Sinking City" and a dozen other new popular successes. "An Aristocratic Tramp" is far above the average tramp show in every respect and contains more features in one single act than all other so-called tramp shows in four. The scenic effects are gorgeously correct while the cast is made up of the very best dramatic talent New York affords. There are seven big specialty features in addition to the regular company, making the entire production second to nothing of this class traveling and their reception here should be a hearty one to say the least.

A Good Officer.

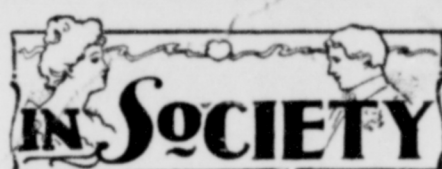
J. F. Flanary is making the county one of the best sheriffs it has ever had and in pressing the collection of taxes is only fulfilling the law and saving his friends the penalty which the law requires to be added the 15th. In October his collections were phenomenal, the sum of \$15,414.40 being collected. He has also remitted regularly to the state treasurer. On June 1st he paid the state \$124.05; July 1, \$597.90; August 1, \$761.90; September 1, \$2,130.30; October 1, \$1,522.05; November 1, \$7,993.80. Making total paid in to the state treasury by him on Crittenden county 1906 tax \$13,121.00. He is not done yet but aims to try to collect the money to settle with the state December 1st. This is indeed a good showing.

Marries in Texas.

The Press notes with much pleasure the marriage of F. J. Clement, a former Crittenden county boy who is now living in Texas. Mr. Clement is well and favorably known here and his many friends congratulate him.

The Gainesville, Texas, Daily Register gives the following account of the event:

F. J. Clement and Miss Gelema Ayres, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ayres, of Callisburg, were united in marriage at Dallas last Wednesday, October 24, at Hughes circle. Rev. L. G. White, who formerly resided in Cook county, performed the ceremony that made this happy couple man and wife. Mr. Clement has been a resident of Cook county for many years and is now teaching school at Callisburg. He is well known throughout the county, having taught school in almost every section of the county. The bride is one of Cooke county's most charming young ladies and stands high among her associates. Miss Virgie Newton and Mr. E. N. Blackburn of this city, were present at the wedding. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clement wish them a long and happy married life.



Morning Luncheon For Miss Blue.

Mrs. Robt. Fulton Haynes gave a morning luncheon in honor of Miss Nonie Blue, of St. Louis, last Saturday morning at nine o'clock at her beautiful home on College street. Those who graced the occasion with their presence were Mesdames E. J. Hayward, W. O. Tucker, E. H. James, J. W. Wilson, H. H. Sayre, S. Gugenheim, G. P. Roberts, C. A. Moore, Emma Hayward, A. H. Cardin, O. M. James, J. I. Clement, Misses Kittie Gray, Ruby James, Lilly Cook, Della Barnes, Frances Gray, Lizzie James, Blanche Haase and Lela Wilborn. The favors were large bouquets of chrysanthemums. Refreshments were served in courses during the morning and to say they were elegant is superfluous, as the name of the hostess is synonymous with all that is choice and dainty in affairs of this kind. She was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. S. J. Tucker. This was the initial entertainment for the fall season which promises to be one of unusual gaiety in Marion and was in every way most delightful.

Approaching Marriage of Rev. Andres and Miss Ellis.

The following announcement was received in the city last week by the friends of Rev. Benjamin Andres: "Mr. and Mrs. William Ellis will give in marriage their daughter, Jessie Cooper, to the Rev. Benjamin Andres, Thursday evening, November the fifteenth, one thousand, nine hundred and six at half after eight o'clock. Westminster Presbyterian church, Louisville, Kentucky. The honor of your presence is requested." Mr. Andres has been here only a few months but is quite popular with everyone who knows him. His friends here are congratulating him on winning the heart and hand of one so

charming as his intended is reputed to be by her acquaintances in this city.

Cossitt-Carleton Nuptials Today.

Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Cossitt have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Neil to Mr. Virgil Carleton today (Thursday, November 8th) at high noon. The ceremony, which will be a quiet one, will be said at the family residence in the presence of the immediate family and a few friends. Rev. R. C. Love officiating. Immediately after the ceremony dinner will be served to the bridal party by Mrs. J. L. Clifton, the bride's sister. At 1:27 the couple will leave for Chrisney, Ind., to visit the relatives of the groom for a few days, after which they will return and keep house at the Cossitt residence while Dr. Cossitt and his wife are absent in Mexico with their sons, Peyt and Frank.

Miss Cossitt is the last of a family of beautiful sisters and is a young woman of many charming traits of character, pure in mind, fair of face and of a graceful figure. Mr. Carleton is the foreman at The Press office, where he has worked for the past two years. He came from Indiana and has formed the friendship and won the esteem of many of

ATTENTION

If any of my work
has proven unsatisfactory during the
past three years
please call at my
office at once

Very respectfully,

F. W. NUNN

Dentist

Office

Rooms 2 and 4 Jenkins Bldg.
MARION, KY.

our people since he took up his residence with us. The Press wishes him and his bonnie bride unalloyed happiness in their married life.

A special meeting of the "As-You-Like-it" Club was held last Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. G. P. Roberts. There was a large attendance. Mrs. E. H. James, Mrs. Levi Cook and Mrs. Henry Rice and Mrs. Will C. Rice, of Fredonia, were elected members, the two latter at the request of Mrs. R. E. Haynes.

AN AGED LADY PASSED AWAY LAST MONDAY

Mrs. Sarah Alvira Jackson Elder Departed this Life November 5th,
at 3 O'clock a. m.

Mrs. Sarah Alvira Jackson Elder, wife of Sharon Elder, died at their home three miles northeast of Marion on the Morganfield road, Monday, Nov. 5th, 1906, at 3 o'clock.

She was born March 11th, 1833. She joined the Presbyterian church at this place when quite young. She was married Aug. 16th, 1859 and is survived by her husband and three children; Mary, who is married and lives in Atlanta, Ga., Rufus and Sophronia, of this county.

The funeral and interment took place Tuesday afternoon at the old cemetery in this city, Rev. Benjamin Andres officiating.

Marriage License

Charlie Mitchell to Miss Nannie Riley.
C. C. Bebout to Miss Minnie Thornton.
D. A. Dixon to Miss Eula Hardesty
S. O. Tosh to Miss Ada Metcalf.
Albert E. Spikard to Miss Yola M. Lowery.
Frank Singleton to Miss Eula Beet.
J. L. Wood to Miss N. Vanhoosier
J. P. Nash to Miss Minnie Martin

Deeds

V. D. Harris to A. J. Baker, 15 acres of land on Piney creek \$50.
Mrs. Annie E. Lemon to A. C. Babb, lot in Marion \$800.
R. D. Nesbit to T. H. Cochran, 85 1/2 acres in Crittenden Co.
Miss Corda Wheeler to J. S. Hunt, 90 acres in Crittenden Co. \$244.75.
J. S. Aunt et al to A. H. Maxwell a tract of land on Piney \$200.
J. S. Sullenger to C. F. Sullenger et al, tract of land in Crittenden Co. \$2,000.
A. G. Thomas et al to Mrs. V. D. Farris, tract of land on Piney, \$50.
A. C. Clement et al to R. W. Todd et al, tract of land on Deer creek, \$400.

Harry Gill Here.

Harry Gill, of Dennison, Texas, in the city last week to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Gill. He is enjoying fine health and is glad, as he usually is, to get back to old Kentucky for a few days.

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is the same Price
as some that are
"Just as Good,"

Get the Best

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Dress Goods In Silks Woolens And Mohairs

Novelties in Belts Hand Bags Combs And Neckwear

"LION BRAND" Shirts And Collars Are Best by Test

Look and Compare

The Quality and Price of our line with those of other before buying your

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For Fall and Winter

Hats and Caps! THE NEW STYLES

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Frank Dodge Claude Lamb

Salesmen



F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.

McConnell's parlor barber shop, gives first-class baths, hot or cold.

Buster says Fohs toys are just what he wants.

Ollie Crider, of Gladstone, was in the city last week on business.

Geo. P. Roberts has had several new lights installed in his home on Walker street.

Miss Mary Finley, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is reported much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigler, of East Depot street, are having their home equipped with electric lights.

Harry Watkins, of Mayfield, was here last week looking after his mining properties in this county.

No hunting or fishing on my premises. Trespassers are warned to keep off.

Mr. W. R. Gibbs returned from St. Louis last week where she was the guest of her son, Amphias.

Smooth shave and clean towel on each man at Metz & Sedberry's.

Jessie Gray and daughter, Miss Nellie, were in the city last week and were guests of the New Crittenden Hotel.

Wish George would send me one of the 1001 post cards Fohs has.

L. N. Clemens, of Dixon Springs, was in the city last week looking after his mining interests in this county.

W. L. Baker, of Carrsville, was in the city last week with Mr. Clement, of Illinois, who is interested in mines in this county.

The Marion Electric Light & Ice company have put the line supplying the New Marion hotel in the rear of that block, thus removing all their primary wires off Main street in that block.

The views of Palestine, the holy land and Jerusalem given by stereopticon at the Cumberland church Friday night by Rev. E. A. Fox were much enjoyed by a good audience.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

Mrs. Blue entertained the Naarmi club last week in honor of Miss Nannie Blue, who has been her guest for several weeks.

Yes John, I must have some of that fancy china and glassware at Fohs.

Miss Subie Murphy, of the county, was the guest of E. T. Franklin and family last week and of Mrs. T. J. Wring on Thursday.

Mrs. C. G. Moreland, of Ford's Ferry, was in the city Thursday and until Sunday the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fannie Jennings.

A new boy arrived at the home of Thos. Clifton last Wednesday morning, which Robert Gordon, the older brother, says is a dandy.

Just what I need at Fohs, pencils, tablets, rulers, mittens, anything—Johnny Go to school.

Miss Maude Watkins, of Mayfield, who was the guest of Miss Kate Yates last week, left for her home Saturday afternoon.

Hugh McKee, of Repton, was here last Friday to get a coffin for the little daughter of Vick Crowell, which died the night before.

If my gate, which was removed on Halloween night by certain boys, (who are known,) is returned immediately, nothing further will be done about it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Staton left Saturday for Clarksville, Tenn., to attend the bedside of his brother, who was reported quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Adams went to Crayneville Saturday afternoon to visit his brother, Wm. Adams and to attend the meeting which is in progress there. They returned home Sunday afternoon.

LOST.—Watch and chain, Sunday somewhere in Marion. Hunting case gold, Elgin movement, gold fob. Will pay for its return.

GRAY ROCHESTER.

Alma Crowell, daughter of Vic Crowell, who lives ten miles north-east of Marion, died Thursday night about 6 o'clock. She was 14 years old. The funeral and burial took place at the Crowell cemetery Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Miss Nannie Blue, who has been the guest of her brother, J. W. Blue, for several weeks, left Tuesday for Morganfield, where she will spend a week with relatives, after which she will return to her home in St. Louis.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

Mrs. James Hughes left today for Sheridan to spend the week with friends. Mr. Hughes has work in that community and has been there several weeks.

Seldon Hughes, of The Press force, is in Evansville this week under the treatment of an eye specialist. His eyes have been giving him trouble for some time.

Miss Fannie Woods was in Evansville last week to consult a specialist as to her eyes. Her brother, Dave Woods, of Spring Grove, Union county, accompanied her.

The automobile race and explosion will be a startling scenic effect in the play "An Aristocratic Tramp". Will be at the Marion opera house Friday evening, November 16.

Fay Black, of View, will leave this week for Denver, Colorado, where he goes on account of his health. He will engage in mining there, a business which he has been following here quite successfully. Mr. Black has a brother in Denver and both of them have many friends here who with them much success and prosperity in their new home.

Wilson's Steam Laundry MARION, KY.

Is a permanent fixture in Marion and is the best equipped Laundry between Evansville and Hopkinsville and turns out the very best of work. We add new machinery to our plant nearly every month and invite the people to call and see one of the best equipped Laundries in Western Kentucky. We are especially prepared to wash

Quilts, Counterpanes Blankets and Comforts

Or any of your winter bedding that you have stored away during the summer. We will do this work for you at an exceedingly low price. We can wash your Lace Curtains better than any woman can by hand.

Mens Clothes Cleaned and Pressed Correctly

We don't rub the spots in the goods with gasoline, but wash the garment and make it as good as new.

Give us a trial and we will convince you.

"No man loses any of his own light by kindling it in others." Dr. F. S. Stilwell, Dentist over Marion Bnk.

If you have not paid your taxes for 1906 don't think hard of the officers who are compelled by the law to issue warrants for all tax unpaid one week from today.

Mrs. Edward F. Smith, of Tolu, was in the city Tuesday accompanied by Miss Emma Terry, who is teaching the Tolu school. We heard they came up to vote for—they wouldn't tell who.

Edwin "Cyclone" Southers who was billed to appear here at the School Auditorium Friday night, Nov. 9th, has notified the management that on account of the illness of his mother, his Marion date is cancelled.

Don't forget the vaudeville acts in "An Aristocratic Tramp." Seven in number and they are all good ones. The attraction is booked for the Marion opera house Friday evening, November 16.

The breakage of a cog wheel about the size of a man's fist put the light company to considerable trouble and expense last week and following close on that the bursting of the waer main necessitated the laying of a new main from the lake to the power house. Everything was put in first class shape in short order, but at an outlay of considerable money.

Will S. Hicklin has bought the entire livery stable outfit of Guess & Ordway Bros and they will retire from the livery business in Marion. Mr. Hicklin informs us that he has 18 head of stock, 3 drummer wagons, 7 double buggies, 8 single buggies, 5 surries, 2 omnibuses and will put in automobiles as soon as Crittenden county has turn pikes and he intends to hold up the standard of the business. Marion has two of the best livery firms and equipments in the state barring none.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 13—county court day.

Strayed.

Two red steers left my farm last May; crop off right and crop and half off left ear. One a deep red about 700 or over, the pale red one some larger, both a little stag-headed. Left at the same time but may have separated. Will pay reasonable for their return or information as to their whereabouts.

J. S. Newcom, Weston, Ky.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 12—county court day.

Come good people and let me tell About the new dentist, Dr. Stilwell; He's a pretty good fellow and very frank.

Now if your tooth is aching and you have had to dance, Come right up and give him a chance If he can't save it and it raises Cain, He will pull it without pain.

He fills your teeth with silver and gold, And they hurt no more, I am told, He cleans them too, and such is his creed, That all of his work is guaranteed.

Now my friends, if you don't believe what I say, When your teeth need fixing come his way, And when he's thru, you'll think it great For he has the best office in this part of the state.

I see that you are now getting tired, And if the boss comes in I'll get fired But there's one thing more, (it's on the quiet,) When the bill comes due the price will be right.

Yours, "THE SAINT."

...NEW... BLACKSMITH FIRM

We have purchased the Jas. Gilbert Blacksmith shop and have opened for business under the firm name of

James & Lanham

We will add new and up-to-date tools and machinery and in addition to doing a general line of blacksmithing, will be prepared to repair Boilers, Engines, Pumps and other work not heretofore done in Marion. We have An Expert Horse Shoer in charge of that department.

We guarantee all work and solicit your business.

W. B. JAMES W. R. LANHAM MARION, KENTUCKY

"It is difficult to grow old gracefully," without good teeth. Visit Dr. F. S. Stilwell, Dentist over Marion bank.

Miss Nellie Gray, of Salem, is the guest of Miss Verna Pickens.

Mrs. Carrie Thomas, of Jonesboro, Ark., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Travis.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 12—county court day.

Rev. Benjamin Andres will preach next Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 6:30.

Richard E. Pickens, of McLeansboro, Ill., is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pickens. Mr. Pickens is the manager of one of Stinson Bros. department stores.

"Most of us would rather do a lot regulation abroad than practice a little righteousness at home." Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Therefore care for your teeth. Dr. F. S. Stilwell, Dentist over Marion Bank.

There will be a temperance meeting at the court house in Marion, Thursday, Nov. 15th, 1906, at 1 o'clock p. m. The friends of temperance from every part of the county are earnestly solicited to be present.

Dr. R. J. Morris, of Evansville, was the guest of his friends here Sunday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Morris. They were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cook at their home on South Main street and at tea by Henry Haynes at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Haynes. They returned to Evansville Sunday night.

The happiest man in Marion is James Seth Henry. He arrived in Marion from Evansville Monday afternoon with his wife who has been there in St. Mary's Sanitarium under the treatment of Dr. P. Y. McCoy, who successfully operated on her for appendicitis. Mrs. Henry is now on the high road to recovery and will ere long, be restored to her wonted health and strength, hence Jim Seth's superabundance of joy.

Reception for New Pastor.

The West Broadway Methodist church, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, will be the scene of a reception tonight at eight o'clock in honor of the new pastor, the Rev. J. R. McAfee. The public is invited.—Louisville Herald, November 2.

Nelle Walker,

Stenographer and
Notary Public . . .

Office with Blue & Nunn in Postoffice
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Lest We

Forget—Baby is restless, can't sleep at night,
won't eat, cries spasmodically. A bottle of
White's Cream Vermifuge never fails to cure.
Every mother should give her baby White's
Cream Vermifuge. So many times when the
baby is pale and fretful, the mother does not
know what to do. A bottle of this medicine
would bring color to his cheeks and laughter to
his eyes. Give it a trial. Sold by Woods &
Orme Druggists.

—By—
REV. J. F. PRICE

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS

LESSON XLVIII.

We have the lesson for December 16 in this week's readings, "Jesus
Risen From the Dead."

DAILY MANNA.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—Accelerating their death, Ju. 19:32-37.
Monday, Nov. 12.—Joseph requests Christ's body. Mt. 28:57, 58;
Mk. 15:42, 43; Lk. 23:50-52; Ju. 10:38 abc.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Pilate's investigation and consent. Mt. 27:58 1;
Mk. 15:44, 45; Su. 19:38 d.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—The burial. Mt. 27:59, 60; Mk. 15:46; Lk. 23:
53, 54; Ju. 10:38i-4d.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—The women watching; they prepare spices. Mt.
27:61; Mk. 15:47; Lk. 23:55, 56.

Friday, Nov. 16.—The sepulchre sealed. Mt. 27:62-66.

Saturday, Nov. 17.—The resurrection. Mt. 28:24.

HELPS TO STUDY.

According to the Jews' request the Roman soldiers brake the legs of
those who were crucified with Jesus. When they came to Jesus they found
that he was already dead, but one of the soldiers thrust his spear into his
side, although they break not his bones. John refers to his own testimo-
ny in this case. He gives this as an instance of the fulfillment of the two
prophecies, Ps. 34:20; Zech. 12:10.

At eventide Joseph of Armathea, a secret disciple of Jesus, came and
begged the body of Jesus. Pilate marvelled at his dying so soon and in-
quired of the centurion if it was really true. When the centurion had re-
ported in the affirmative Pilate granted permission to Joseph to take pos-
session of the body. The body was taken down from the cross by Joseph
and Nicodemus, properly prepared and laid in Joseph's new tomb. There
were faithful women who were faithful women who were watching and who
were watching and who afterward prepared spices to complete the anointing.

The Jewish rulers were doggedly determined that Christ's body should
not get out of that tomb. They had succeeded in crucifying him and had
his body buried and now they want to make sure of their victory. They
ask of Pilate that the sepulchre be made sure. He gave them the authori-
ty to use all the powers possible to make it sure. They had the entrance
to the sepulchre securely blocked by rolling a great stone into the entrance.
Then they placed upon that stone and the edge of the sepulchre the great
Roman seal. To break that seal without authority was to Rome what firing
on the stars and stripes is to us. Then they placed a strong guard in
front of the sepulchre to see that the body was not taken. Surely, from a
human standpoint, they made it safe. But the stones of the everlasting
hills and the seals and flags of all earthly empires, and the glittering co-
horts of mighty battalions could not enchain the son of God in the silent
confines of the sepulchre. Just as there is in that little seed that life
force that bursts asunder clods and rocks and soil and forces its way upward
to the sunlight, so there was resident in the body of Christ that eternal life
that must burst asunder all barriers and rise triumphant in eternal life.

Jesus had lain in the grave a part of two days and one whole day—
Friday afternoon, Saturday all day and part of Sunday. He had repeated-
ly foretold that he should rise on the third day. It was the custom of the
Jews to count the parts of each day as a whole day. It is so in the old
testament, in the Talmud, in Josephus and in the Assyrian tablets.

Nothing is known of the method or manner of the resurrection. It
was one of the inscrutable works of God, hidden from mortal eyes. It was
accompanied by a great earthquake. An angel, whose countenance was
like lightning and whose raiment was as white as snow, came and rolled
away the stone from the sepulchre. This was to show that it was an act
of divine power and that the angel might be there to explain the resurrec-
tion to them and not because Christ needed the assistance.

The guard of Roman soldiers was greatly frightened and became as
dead men. Doubtless they soon escaped from the scene and reported the
wonderful occurrence. They do not seem to have been at the tomb when
any of the women came, for there seems to have been no one but the angel
present to explain the situation. The presence of such a divine messenger
would overawe the guards and show that Jesus rose and was not stolen
from the tomb by human power, as they afterward reported.

In the stories of the different evangelists in regard to the women com-
ing to the tomb there are number of variations and some seeming contra-
dictions. But all can be put together in a perfectly reasonable manner
and thus show that there is no real contradiction. These apparent discrep-
ancies, we must remember, is true of all independent histories of an event
seen by different observers from different standpoints and is a proof of the
reliability of the story. If all had exactly agreed upon all points and in a
certain order it would have been proof of collusion.

These women doubtless started from different parts of the city. It
seems that Mary, the mother of Jamef (Mk. 16:1) and Salome, wife of
Zebedee, and Joanna, Herod's steward (Lk. 24:10), with possibly the wo-
men from Galilee (Mt. 27:55) all got together. It seems that Mary Mag-
dalene was alone and first at the sepulchre. She was sadly disappointed
when she did not find Christ's body in the tomb. She then rushed back to
the disciples to tell them the glad news. She returned by another way or
street than the one by which the other women came, hence she did not
meet them. She went on and told Peter and John about the resurrection
of Jesus. The other women went on and had their experience at the tomb.

PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott says that the resurrection of Christ is the
best attested fact of history. Let's look at the witnesses.

1. There is the angel's testimony.
2. The testimony of Mary Magdalene.
3. The testimony of the other women.
4. The testimony of the Roman guard.
5. The testimony of the apostles.
6. The testimony of Peter.
7. The testimony of James.
8. The testimony of the two disciples on the way to Emmaus.
9. The testimony of the 500.
10. The testimony of Paul.

These are the personal witnesses here in this world to say nothing of
the visions of the risen Savior by Stephen and John on the Isle of Patmos.
All theories that have sought to set aside the resurrection of Christ
have proven failures. To suppose that the apostles told a lie as did the
Sanhedrin (Mt. 28:13) is a moral impossibility; to suppose that the resur-
rection was a mere reviving from a swoon is a physical impossibility; that
the appearances were mere visions or ecstasies is a psychological impossi-
bility. Phantoms, visions, etc. do not revolutionize the world.

Dragging Down Pains

are a symptom of the most serious
trouble which can attack a woman,
viz: falling of the womb. With this,
generally, comes irregular and painful
periods, weakening drains, backache,
headache, nervousness, dizziness, ir-
ritability, tired feeling, etc. The cure is

WINE OF Cardui

The Female Regulator

that wonderful, curative, vegetable ex-
tract, which exerts such a marvelous,
strengthening influence, on all female
organs. Cardui relieves pain and
regulates the menses. It is a sure
and permanent cure for all female
complaints.

At all druggists and dealers in \$1.00
bottles.

"I SUFFERED AWFUL PAIN
in my womb and ovaries," writes Mrs.
Naomi Baker, of Webster Grove, Mo.,
"also in my right and left sides, and
my menses were very painful and irreg-
ular. Since taking Cardui I feel like a
new woman and do not suffer as I did.
It is the best medicine I ever took."

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at greatly reduced rates on the first
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in the North. Your home Ticket
Agent will give you full particulars
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called to the fact that on the Novem-
ber 6th excursion one can visit the

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That will be held in Jackson, the state capital
November 5th to 10th

Extensive displays of States Products
Agricultural Machinery, Live Stock,
Dairy Products, Vehicles, Industrial
Features, Good Speakers on Pertinent
Topics, Illuminations, Music, Fire
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Take this opportunity to see the industrial
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NORTH BOUND

Leave Marion 702 am Arrive Evansville 945 am

Leave Marion 127 pm Arrive Evansville 345 pm

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HEARTS & MASKS

A MASTERPIECE OF MERRIMENT

By HAROLD MACGRATH

"Hearts and Masks" is a delicious detective story—a mystery, a robbery, an unmasking and all, but with this plot—bright, unconventional, witty dialogue that keeps the mind on the alert continually."—*Boston Journal*.

"Here, indeed, is a joy-spreading story that is as spirited and swift in action as anything well could be. It is light, yet it is covered forward with a swing and go that seize the reader at the start and never release him."—*Nashville American*.

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"A night's wild adventures, all told in the comedy vein, Mr. MacGrath's story is well invented, and he tells the invention capably, trying it on with a wealth of incidents and much attention to detail."—*New York Evening Mail*.

This story will appear serially in this paper, and you will like it. Watch for the opening chapters of this remarkable mystery of the ten of hearts.

The Autumn Leaf.

BY O. O. W.

There is written on the leaf, a message of two words, death and decay, but around the words a world of imagery may gather long series of pictures, visions of things past and to come, old pains and pleasures, things forgotten and things present. The leaf is one of a series that embrace all the years of life from infancy to old age. Together they form a wonderful volume, far more wonderful than the sibilant leaves. For they, too, are mystic prophesies and predictions written by the greatest of all soothsayers.

As we look out upon country scenes, the world is still fresh and green, full of sap and vitality.

Little webs covered with dewdrops tremble and shine on the grass in the early morning light. The hillside flames with autumn wild flowers, is streaked and patched with yellow, purple and white. A red bough thrust itself forth from the woodland borders; the fire of vivid grown tints runs crackling through low swamp bushes. In the windless air spins down the tinted leaf. The summer is ended, and perchance our soul is not saved.

Thus comes the grave and disturbing thought of opportunity that has not been seized. It beckons to us out of the cloud, it called to us on the wing; but we were too blind, too obtuse to discern its sign. The mystic days passed us by lingeringly, each making signs and giving glances of encouragement; but we were dull, stupefied, asleep. All the splendors of the universe were unfolded. The nights were regal with suggestions and electric messages. The stars burned over our heads with great meanings. The moon rose calm and majestic, revealing a new earth, a new heaven. Still we saw only the old, dull routine, the hard trodden path filled with gray stumbling stones from which we have learned nothing; and now the wind sighs over the losses of our sodden minds, and the crimson and golden leaf brings its stern and solemn message.

Though the leaves of the years of our life form a series, still there are subtle differences. The next

one will not be the same as this. Can we ever regain what we have lost? Can we ever make up for the ground that has slipped from beneath our feet? If we have grown worldly, careless of high things, this year, shall we not be more so the next fall the leaf? How are we to get back the lost intuitions as to spiritual things, the lost sensitiveness that made us alive to God's messages quick to feel all beautiful and true suggestions eager to grow to higher ideals and nobler purposes? What loss can compare with the subtle slipping back from the high path of the climber and the aspirer to low damp valleys of life where the mountain-tops are no longer seen, those summits where angels walk and God speaks to them that love him?

Though the fall of the leaf may seem a simple thing, obedient to a law of nature, carrying no implications of remorse or sadness, still it has its solemn and admonitory side. The beauty of tint, the flood of sunshine that gilds it, cannot hide the writing, death and decay. To meet calmly, courageously, we must oppose some sign of growth, some symbol of new acquisition on the spiritual side to its concealed cynicism and tinted, tragic charm: for death can only be overcome by life. If we determine not to succumb to the law of change, to oppose to the dead branch a new shoot, to garner from the great abounding stores of vitality that lie open to the soul, then shall death be swallowed up in victory.

Life should be to us the great opportunity. We believe we shall go into the other state as we leave this, not blossoming immediately into an angel but remaining essentially human. Is there progress there? We hope devoutly there is, but we do not know. Suppose there is not, that we are to remain as we arrive, neither better nor worse. The thought has an awful implication, that of a fixed and changeless state. Supreme bliss would not satisfy our restless souls on those conditions. No, we must advance, expand and grow. A bud that forever remains a bud a peculiar kind of annihilation. The inspiration is far more life and richer. But are we worthy of it if we neglect the great, good chances of this life for the growth of a noble

being.

The immortal hope is the weapon wherewith we overcome the sadness of the autumn leaf. Its meaning may differ in each heart. To some it means reunion with friends and kindred, to others the face of God, to others still the presence of the Master to some enured energy and service, but to all in some form growth. Let us be sure we do not stultify and dwarf our spiritual sense before the message of the autumn leaf is fulfilled and it drops down upon a grave.

It Costs Nothing

To find out for a certainty whether or not your heart is affected. One person in four has a weak heart; it may be you. If so, you should know it now, and save serious consequences. If you have short breath, fluttering, palpitation, hungry spells, hot flushes; if you cannot lie on left side; if you have fainting or smothering spells, pain around heart, in side and arms, your heart is weak, and perhaps diseased. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure will relieve you. Try a bottle, and see how quickly your condition will improve.

"About a year ago I wrote to the Miles Medical Co., asking advice, as I was suffering with heart trouble, and had been for two years. I had pain in my heart, back and left side, and had not been able to draw a deep breath for two years. Any little exertion would cause palpitation, and I could not lie on my left side without suffering. They advised me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine, which I did with the result that I am in better health than I ever was before, having gained 14 pounds since I commenced taking it. I took about thirteen bottles of the two medicines, and haven't been bothered with my heart since."—MRS. LILLIE THOMAS, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Lryne & Level, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 12—county court day.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

I'm glad I'm not a specialist, Of occupation small; I like to take a grown man's work And then to do it all. When there's a job that must be done I hold it doesn't pay To hire twenty men when one, Could do it in a day.

I like the old time system best, When each man knew his trade From A to Z and was judged By what he wrought or made. This world is getting too complex, And specialized, my brother, And every man's dependent on This, that one, and another.

You take a simple pair of shoes; One man can't make the whole— One makes the uppers; one the vamp. Another one the sole. For each one is a "specialist." But if his job he'd lose, Not one of 'em could make himself A decent pair of shoes.

And there's the doctors—call 'em in To see an ailing man: They piece him out and doctor him On the installment plan. The one that treats him for his nerves No other job will take. He'd let him die before he'd treat A simple stomach ache.

The world's work may be quicker done By "specializing" so, But is it better done? now that Is what I'd like to know. I like the man who knows his craft: The modern workman, he Takes little pride in craft, it seems— Or spells it with "g."

I'll stick it out the way I learned, And do my work complete, Whatever happens I propose To stand upon my feet. And when at last my work is done, And in my grave I'm laid, Just carve upon the tomb: "Here Lies a man who knew his trade." —T. K. H. in Everbest

Author of Popular Nursery Rhyme. The familiar nursery rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," was written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

Layne & Leavel, the mule buyers, will be in Marion Monday, November 12—county court day.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.
Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

"An Aristocratic Tramp."

"An Aristocratic Tramp," Kilroy and Britton's new metropolitan comedy drama success to be seen at the Marion opera house on Friday, Nov. 16, promises to prove one of the very best theatrical offerings of the local season. The production is complete in every respect, the scenic equipment and acting company far surpasses anything ever offered local theatre patrons. One of the features, an automobile race ending in an apparently terrific and death dealing explosion, is said to be by far the most sensational effect yet produced by stage mechanism. While the play contains plenty of pathos and enough broad comedy for a laugh every minute. There are also seven big specialties introduced which serve to make "An Aristocratic Tramp" what every one wants to see, the best show of the season.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Woods & Orme Druggists, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE
Before You Purchase Any Other Write THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Many Sewing Machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the "New Home" is made to wear. Our guarantee never runs out. We make Sewing Machines to suit all conditions of service. The "New Home" is a high grade, high grade family sewing machine. Sold by authorized dealers only.

NUNN & TUCKER.

Iron, The Dominating Power.

"That country or that section which can produce iron at the lowest cost will dominate the trade and commerce of the world" was one of the well-founded theories of the late Edward Atkinson, and on this he bases one of his arguments in favor of the marvelous wealth of the South in coming years. The South holds this vantage-ground. It can produce iron at a lower cost than any other country, and it is destined, as Mr. Abram S. Hewitt predicted, to "dominate the basic-steel industry of the world." What vast wealth this means, what millions and hundreds of millions are to be added to the riches of this section through iron and steel, can be realized from a study of Pittsburg and Chicago and Cleveland and other iron centers and from a study of the fortunes of Carnegie, Frick, Schwab, Oliver, Krupp and the hundreds of others who have accumulated out of iron and steel some of the greatest fortunes the world has ever known. Limitless are the possibilities of the South.—Manufacturers' Record, Baltimore.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY Will Surely Stop That Cough.

Napoleon Bonaparte

showed, at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best Liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc. A. C. Pitts, Redessa, La. says: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unequalled for sore chest, headache, corns, in fact for anything that can be reached by a liniment." Sold by Woods & Orme.

WANTED—100 boys, wages \$1.00, \$1.10 and \$1.20 per day. A good chance to learn a trade. Address Evansville Glass Co., Evansville, Ind.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Groomed and beautified the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & itching. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. H. Brown on Box. 25c.

The Old Hickory Distilling Co.

MOVED UP TOWN.—On account of the city council refusing to grant us new quart license at the distillery, we were compelled to buy out a place up town or let our friends and patrons go without Old Hickory which is known to be the best, purest and cheapest in Marion. Nobody else in town has our Old Hickory. Call and see us. We have a full line of Whiskey, Wines, Beer and Cigars. Prices on Old Hickory same as at the quart house.

Billart Stand, Opposite Post Office.

Old Hickory Distilling Company.

By T. H. LOWERY, Manager.

Attend LOCKYEAR'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA
"A SCHOOL WITH A REPUTATION"
LARGE ATTENDANCE
NINE TEACHERS
FIFTY TYPEWRITERS
LESSONS BY MAIL
SEND FOR NEW CATALOG

RHEUMATISM CURED
The Circulation Stimulated and the Muscles and Joints lubricated by using **Sloan's Liniment**
Price 25c 50c & \$1.00 Sold by all Dealers
"Sloan's Treatise On The Horse" Sent Free Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

SENT FREE Booklet entitled "Dr. Draughon's Eye Opener." It will convince you that Draughon's Colleges can, by their SUPERIOR and COPYRIGHTED methods, teach you more Bookkeeping in THREE months than others can in SIX, and that Draughon's teach the BEST systems of shorthand.
DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL Business Colleges
\$500,000.00 capital; 28 Colleges in 16 States; 17 years' success.
POSITIONS secured or money refunded. Write for prospectus. For Catalog and "Eye Opener," call, phone, or write Jno. F. Draughon, President, either place.
LEARN Law, Bookkeeping, Short-Hand, Penmanship, Drafting, Arithmetic, Bus. English, Etc. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Write for prices.

Commerce And The South.
Following the line of least resistance, the "down-hill haul to the sea," the ever growing commerce of the country is more and more seeking an outlet through Southern ports. Our foreign commerce, now \$3,000,000,000 a year, will double and quadruple, as will our coastwise trade, but the number of our ports can be very slightly increased even if million should be expended. Nature has fixed the location of our available ports and forever set the limit upon their number. As commerce expands, Southern ports must grow in opulence and population. Great financial centers must naturally follow, and the vast commerce, of which we have seen only the beginning, which will soon flow through the South, will be a mighty factor in the building of railroads, the growth of cities, the immigration of people from other countries and other sections. There are few countries on earth which have such a geographical relation to the centers of productive energies on the one side and the world's commerce on the other as the South. The human mind cannot fully grasp the wonders of the coming years in this Heaven-favored section.—Manufacturers' Record, Baltimore.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.
The old original Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure No pay. 50c.
Have you tried the new Cream Crisp breakfast food. A ten cent package and better than many of the fifteen cent sellers. Morris & Yates.

HARPER WHISKY
A Delightful Beverage
A Safe Stimulant
A Good Medicine
For sale by Eberle, Hardin & Co. Marion, Ky.

Fall Business is Good!



This \$18.50 Suit for \$15.

We expect to do More Business, give Better Goods at Less Prices than any other Store

:: We Have Them in the House ::

For Less Money and will Sell them for Less Profit

This is a Cash Store!

Don't expect to buy without money, we don't do business that way—We don't ask others to do that way.

The Biggest Assortment of everything to wear is what we have to Sell.

Men's Suits \$2.75 to \$35.00

Men's Over Coats, \$2 to \$35.00

Knee Suits, \$1 to \$5.00

All the up-to-date Last in Men and Women's Shoes from \$1.50 to \$5.00

From the Factory, not Eastern made.

Domestic lower than any of them
The highest grade Millinery

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO

SAM HOWERTON,

KELSEY - - - - - KENTUCKY



This Black \$20.00 Overcoat for \$15.00

HEARTS & MASKS

A MASTERPIECE OF MERRIMENT

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," etc.



A Captivating Story that is all Mystery and Smiles

THE KIND OF A STORY YOU WILL NEVER WANT TO MISS A LINE OF

IT BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

A Complete Stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Tinware and Groceries. Prices consistent with Quality.

I Buy and Sell all kinds of Produce.

Give me a call.

Chas. Larue,

The Leading Merchant, Levas, Ky.

LILY DALE.

We are all enjoying splendid health and the beautiful weather.

Mrs. Vernon Oakley has been with her sister, Mrs. Jas. Loyd, this week, out for the meeting.

We have each and all received many blessings from the meeting.

Misses Sallie Crider and Emma Adams were here last week.

Miss Mamie Henry spent Friday night Miss Mabelle Munner, who is teaching our school. Miss Henry is teaching the Crayneville school.

Uncle Bill Loyd has built a hen house and is going into the poultry business. He has been married three times in the past forty six years and this is his first hen house. Go ahead, Uncle Bill, you are progressing.

What a nice school we have. Nearly all the pupils are christians. We have heard our teacher say this is the best neighborhood and finest pupils she ever saw.

Corn gathering and getting up winter wood are the orders of the day.

One of our bright promising young men, Herbert Ordway, was ordained deacon of the Crayneville church Thursday night. He was also clerk. He deserves much praise. He is just seventeen years old.

Mr. Moore is at home now. He has been in Paducah for some time.

Little Orlin and Jim Moore, of Marion, have been here to see their uncle, Abe Debee.

Uncle Bill Loyd carries off the blue ribbon when it comes to telling snake stories. He said he helped to kill a snake several years ago and it took two horses to pull it to Marion.

The series of meetings which have been in progress at Crayneville closed Saturday with twenty four conversions.

CRAYNEVILLE.

Mrs. Canada is still on the sick list.

Protracted meeting closed Saturday at Crayneville. The church was greatly revived and there were fourteen new addition to the church.

Mrs. Farris and daughters, Misses Addie and Lippie, of Salem, visited J. C. Carlton's family last week.

John Lewis James has moved to Crayneville.

Mrs. Scott visited friends at Crayneville last week.

W. H. Ordway attended synod at Hopkinsville last week.

Mrs. Jones, from Tennessee, is visiting her son, Jim Boone.

Will T. Hicklin

Successor to

Ordway Bros. & Guess

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

North Main St. Marion, Ky.

The patronage of the Public is solicited

DYCUSBURG.

There are weddings and rumors of weddings.

It is announced that Miss Ida Lou Ramage and Mr. Z. C. Graham will be married in Marion, Nov. 7 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ramage. Miss Ramage is one of Dycusburg's loveliest young ladies and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ramage. Mr. Graham is a young business man of Paducah, son of Mr. Graham, the tobaccoist who bought tobacco at this point last year and it was during the tobacco season that the romance of these young people began. It goes without saying that a host of friends extend congratulations.

Chas. Smith, president of the Dycusburg bank, but who resides at Tiline, was in town Saturday.

Miss Ada Dycus has been the guest of Mrs. Robt. Robertson and Mrs. Sallie Boaz the past week.

Mrs. Lucie Yeats and Miss Ida Lou Ramage went to Kelsey Saturday.

Henry Wells is having the rooms of his residence on Main street handsomely painted and papered by Cleve Martin.

Mrs. Sue W. Barnes is visiting her brother, Geo. T. Garrett, of Mexico.

Mrs. Lucy Yeats visited her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Loyd, of Princeton, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brissey spent Sunday with the family of Chas. Smith, of Tylene.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Miles, of Kelsey, were in town Sunday.

Owan Boaz, of Salem, was here last week.

W. O. Wicker, of Mexico, was in town Saturday on business.

Robt. Robinson, of Frances, was in town recently.

Miss Ida Griffin, who has been attending school at St. Vincent, returned home Sunday.

Misses Gustye and Roberta Clifton were pleasant callers in town Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Parish, of Frances, was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Glass one day last week.

Camby Clifton, of Kuttawa, visited his parents near here Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Bennett, of Livingston county, was the guest of Mrs. J. C. Bennett, of this place, Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs James Lowery and Hez Simmons are quite sick.

SALEM.

Fine weather.

Eighty per cent. of the corn crop

is safe in the crib.

Tobacco is about all sold.

Our part of the country has been full of mining men the past week.

Miss Clarie Hodge and Miss May Travis, of Emmaus, were pleasant callers last week.

David Wolford, wife and daughter, of Salem, were visiting in our section last Sunday.

Our old friend J. D. Hall, of Salem, is giving boxing lessons in our section. Jim is an expert.

Ruben Wheeler is slowly improving.

John Pace has bought the Coram farm and will move to it this week.

Our friend, E. L. Waddell, has sold his farm and will move near Crayneville. This section loses a good citizen.

Jim Parr will move next week from Repton to near Tyler's Chapel.

STARR.

The scarlet fever scare is over and our school is in progress again.

Prof. Terry, of Lone Star, made a rush through this part Friday accompanied by Prof. Woodson.

The protracted meeting is in progress at Piney creek this week.

Mrs. Mary Hughes, of near Marion, visited Mrs. Mollie McNeely Saturday.

Mrs. J. J. McNeely is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rhoda Beavers, of Fredonia.

Some of our farmers are burning tobacco beds.

Some little wheat has been sown in this section.

Pleasant Hill Baptist church will be dedicated next Sunday. Rev. J. L. Paris will preach the dedication sermon.

D. S. F. Crider is expecting to be assigned to a rural mail route some time soon.

J. M. Andrews and family have returned from Washington.

A man by the name of J. B. Creekmur, who, we suppose is from Caldwell county, is circulating over this community. Look out, you will hear of a wedding soon for certain.

Dr. O. C. Cook, of Crayneville, made a professional call in this part Sunday.

Several from the Flat Rock country attended church at Piney creek Sunday.

Rev. H. C. Hopewell, of Sturgis, is expected to assist in the meeting at Piney creek.

ELECTRIC BITTERS THE BEST FOR BILIOUSNESS AND KIDNEYS.

DEAN SCHOOL HOUSE.

Mr. John Robertson, of Carbro, Ark. paid our community a short visit last week.

Presley Adamson and wife, of Crider, were guests at A. and J. E. Dean's recently.

Marion Davidson was in our midst last week taking the tax list.

R. L. Drury is building an addition to his residence.

Rev. Andres is preaching an interesting series of sermons at Forest Grove. The services have already resulted in three additions to the church.

Noah Belt will soon occupy Geo. Robertson's new residence.

Geo. Robertson has recently bought the Len Ford property and Mr. Hargis will occupy the residence located thereon.

Mrs. Vaughn will start next Tuesday for a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Witherspoon, of Emporia, Kan.

BELLVILLE BEND.

Owing to the scarcity of a congregation, prayer meeting was discontinued at Hoods Sunday.

Several from here were in Marion Wednesday.

D. J. McDowell and daughter, Miss Susa, went to Providence Monday.

Bert Wood and Kelley and Welley Simpson attended church at Pleasant Valley Sunday night.

Lennoth Wood, who has been confined to his bed for the past five weeks, is able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Brown are the proud parents of a little daughter.

The Bellville Bend team, assisted by the Iron Hill team, crossed bats with Providence Saturday, and the Crittenden boys were victorious.

Bro. J. W. Tolley is assisting in a meeting at his church, Pleasant Valley in Webster county.

Miss Margaret Wood returned Monday from a few days visit to Misses Bessie and Hattie Brown at Iron Hill.

Mrs. S. D. Asher, who has been with her mother for the past week, has returned home. Mrs. Towery is thought to be improving.

Madam Rumor tells of a wedding in the near future of one of our principal citizens.

IRON HILL.

The measles scare is about over.

The corn yield is a little short of expectations in this locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lamb, of Fish Trap, were guests at his mothers in this vicinity last Sunday.

Marion McConnell and Eldon Crider, of Marion, spent several days in these "diggins" last week.

Bro. W. J. Hill and wife, of Tribune, were visitors in this vicinity Friday.

There was an old time spelling match at Lambs school house last Friday night.

Miss Rosa Walker is still critically ill with typhoid fever.

Coleman Woody, of the Mattoon section, is spending a few days with relatives in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters, of Crider, were visitors at H. R. Stenbridge's last week.

Martin Sutton and wife visited relatives at Crayneville last week.

Joe Joyce, who has been the only colored citizen of this place for several years, has moved to Providence.

SHADY GROVE.

S. C. Towery went to Providence Monday.

Wm. Todd and Charlie Marne were here Monday on business.

John L. Wood went to Providence Tuesday.

D. J. McDaniel went to Providence Wednesday.

Dan J. McDaniel and Charlie Utterback went to Lisman Thursday.

John L. Woods went to Piney Thursday.

Jack Boyd and Willie Tudar went to Clay Friday.

W. L. McCarthy, of Blackford, was here Friday.

John R. McDowell went to Tribune Friday.

R. L. McDaniel went to Iron Hill Friday.

Sanford Brown went to Marion Saturday.

A. L. Colman went to Marion Saturday.

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.

Hicks 1907 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Aicks has been compelled by the popular demand to resume the publication of his well-known and popular Almanac for 1907. This splendid almanac is now ready. For sale by news dealers or sent postpaid for 25 cents, by Word and Works Publishing company, 2201 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo., publishers of Word and Works, one of the best dollar magazines in America. One almanac goes with every subscription.